

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leads towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:
What saies *Andronicus* to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeft Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This do thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined left?
Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises,
A payre of curfed hell-hounds, and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou doo'st, and sweet reuenge farewell.

Chi. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd?

Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empresse Sonnes

I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Titus. Pie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them sure,

Chi. Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded,
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Basin.*

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vter.

Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that wil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,
Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for't.
What would you say, if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil't that *Lavinia* twene her stumps doth hold:
The Basen that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinke some mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paffe,
And of the Paffe a Coffin I will reare,
And make two Paffies of your shamefull Heads,
And bid that strumpet your vnhalloved Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her increafe.
This is the Feast, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall surfer on,
For worse then *Philomel* you vs'd my Daughter,
And worse then *Progne*, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come,
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paffe let their wil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this Banquet, which I wish might proue,
More sterne and bloody then the *Cenraures* Feast.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready, gain't their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Mont*,
This Rauinous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receiue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Aron. Some deuill whispey curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vter for th,
The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,
Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in, *Flourish.*
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the Firement more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sonne?

Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the palle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.
Satur. *Marcus* we will. *Hobeyes.*

*A Table brought in.
Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on
the Table, and Lavinia with a viall over her face.*

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all, although the cheere be poore,
I will fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to haue all well,

To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*?

Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:

My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,

Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,

To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,

Because she was enfor't, stain'd, and deflowr'd?

Satur. It was *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the Girle, should not suruine her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuell,

A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,

For me (most wretched) to performe the like:

Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kills her.

Sat. What hast done, vnnatural and vnkinde?

Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.

I am as wofull as *Virginus* was,

And haue a thousand times more cause then he.

Sat. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deed,

Tit. Wilt please you eat,

Wilt please your Highnesse feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?

Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,

They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Satur. Go fetch them hither to vs presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, bak'd in that Pie,

Whereof their Mother dantly hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my kniues sharpe point.

He stabs the Empresse.

Satur. Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed.

Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?

There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,

By vprores feuer'd like a flight of Fowle,

Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:

Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe

This scattered Come, into one mutual sheafe,

These broken limbs againe into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,

And thee whom mightie kingdoms curse too,

Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,

Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.

But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,

Graue witness of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,

Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erft our Auncestor,

When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke *Dido* sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtile Greekes surpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell vs what *Simon* hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound:
My heart is not compact of flint nor Steele,
Nor can I vter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,

That curfed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*

Were they that murdered our Emperours Brother,

And they it were that rauished our Sister,

For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,

Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely coulen'd,

Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,

And sent her enemies vnto the graue.

Lastly, my selfe vnkinde banished,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,

Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,

And op'd their armes to embrace me as a Friend:

And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,

That haue prefer'd her welfare in my blood,

And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,

Sheathing the Steele in my aduenturous body.

Alas you know, I am no Vaunder I,

My scars can witness, dumbe although they are,

That my report is iust and full of truth:

But soft, me thinks I do digresse too much,

Cyting my worthless praise: Oh pardon me,

For when no Friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,

Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,

The issue of an Irreligious *Moore*,

Chiefe Architect and plottor of these woes,

The Villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,

And as he is, to witness this is true.

Now iudge what courfe had *Titus* to reuenge

These wrongs, vnspokeable past patience,

Or more then any liuing man could beare.

Now you haue heard the truth, what say you *Romaines*?

Haue we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,

And from the place where you behold vs now,

The poore remainder of *Andronicus*,

Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,

And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,

And make a mutuall closure of our house:

Speake *Romaines* speake, and if you say we shall,

Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emill. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,

And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,

Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,

The common voyce do cry it shall be so.

Mar. *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,

Goe, goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,

And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,

To be adiudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour.